# My Demons Fight Off My Nightmares

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/56171062.

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| Rating: | Explicit |
| Archive Warning: | Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings |
| Category: | M/M |
| Fandom: | Hannibal (TV) |
| Relationship: | Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter |
| Characters: | Will Graham's Parents, Will Graham's Father, Will Graham's Mother, Will Graham's Grandmother, Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter |
| Additional Tags: | Alternate Universe, Alternate Universe - Different First Meeting, Monster Hannibal Lecter, Human/Monster Romance, Young Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham, Will Graham Loves Hannibal Lecter, Top Hannibal Lecter, Possessive Hannibal Lecter, Caring Hannibal Lecter, Protective Hannibal Lecter, Hannibal Lecter is a Cannibal, Murder, Robbery, Bottom Will Graham, Will Graham is a Cannibal, Consensual Underage Sex, Extremely Underage, Dead Dove: Do Not Eat |
| Language: | English |
| Series: | Part 19 of All My Hannibal Stories |
| Stats: | Published: 2024-06-10 Words: 969 Chapters: 1/? |

# My Demons Fight Off My Nightmares

by Nightcrawler247


Summary

Hannibal is the monster under Will's bed.

Will makes friends with him.

Note: rated E for dead dove not sex


Notes

tag ideas welcome

See the end of the work for more notes

Hannibal doesn't typically chose where he goes when he enters the human world.

He finds that to be rather boring. To always know exactly where he's meant to be. He much prefers to be random in his visits and drops when he's going out to eat. The only thing he keeps consistent is how he tends to arrive under beds. He finds that the safest places to typically go. They hide him well, he's often under sleeping humans, and it always so much fun to drag someone unsuspecting underneath.

Occasionally Hannibal would find himself appearing under cribs. The small beds of human's sleeping young. At first he thought this inconvenient, human babies were too small and chewy after all. They lacked the seasoning and tenderization that comes with life. It was like trying to eat a milk flavored super gummy. That lacked any type of proper nutrients, taste and was far from filling. A truly snake eyes roll of the dice in that selection. Well, that's what he thought at first but then he realized. With healthy babies comes a host of adult humans caring for them. Checking in on them almost every three hours. So, now Hannibal usually just hangs around under said cribs for food to walk on by.

This particular child he found himself under seemed the rather fussy short. He thought that was rather good at first, as surely that meant a parent would be coming in soon to calm him. Hannibal waited for a full hour, just hearing the child fuss about above him. Even Hannibal was questioning the adults in this home. What heartless creature left their own offspring in need to long.

While contemplating this, Hannibal just used his time to look around the small nursery. Seeing a book shelf off to the side. It seemed rather early to expect the wiggly thing above to be able to read yet. Upon closer inspection though they seemed to be guide books on parenting a child. How incompetent were these humans to need *books* to look after their own? He noticed on the shelf, one title in particular:

The Cry It Out Method.

Oh for the love off all things delicious this was ridiculous! Hannibal gave a great big sigh of annoyance and dragged himself from under the bed. Feeling exposed and far to out in the open but still he pushed on ward. His ashen skin and black long tangled hair dragging along with him. His disfigured body a true horror to any symmetrical creature like humans. His body cracked and snapped with each move he made as he reached up and onto the railing of the crib, dragging himself up and forward. His darkening hair falling and cascading around the baby. His matted and wild silk strands dragging across the small child face and unknowingly tickling it.

The shrilling whines from before began to turn to soft giggles. Hannibal had never heard such a sound before. His kind were the solitary sort so whenever he was around other living creatures they were typically scream and running from their lives. he'd never heard laughter before. Not in real life.

He found he rather liked. Even more then the pleasant sound of screaming. He titled his head just to watch as the strands made the baby giggle again. Wiggling now in his crib as he

grabbed at his own toes and the hair around him. Hannibal let the child take his hair into his small fist.

He reached out his clawed hand to touch the small creature. Entranced by it in an unexplainable way. It fascinated him to see the small weak helpless thing so completely brave in the face of him.

"What are charmer you are." Hannibal's raspy unused voice said. His shark like smile directed at the cooing child.

The is until he heard the door starting to open. Swinging his head in that direction for only a second to confirm before quickly leaving and rushing under the crib again. Watching from below as two pairs of feet came in.

"You have to let him self-soothe." One masculine voice called.

"I know... but I just can't bare it anymore. He's tried enough by himself. Besides I think I heard something." A female whisper answered. Hannibal wondered if he'd been heard.

As the parents approached the crib Hannibal knew this was his chance to get his dinner for tonight but something stopped him. Something that was wiggling restlessly just above him. He felt it wrong to take the guardians of this child. He doesn't know why but Hannibal didn't need a reason for everything. Sometimes it was enough to act on his own whims. His current whim right now was to visit this child again. He could exactly do that if the kid had no parents.

So as the parents worked above him check in on the adorable baby, Hannibal carved his mark into the crib. Marking it for later to more easily find and warding off any other of his kind to the family behind off limits.

"Maybe we should take him to bed with us?"

"Honey, he's fine now. You need to let him sleep alone. Come on back to bed, look he's even drifting off."

"I suppose your right... good night sweet boy."

"Good night, Willy-boy."

Hannibal heard from above along and watched the suggestive movements of the parents legs showing they were liking kiss the boy goodnight. He waited until they were done and out off the room again before crawling free once again. He looked over at the now dosing child just getting himself to bed. He smiled down at him again with another rub under his chubby chin that the child leaned into. His small hand coming up to grip tiredly at the finger.

"Good night, Will."

End Notes

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